

THE WIND-BLOWN LANGUAGE



PAPIAMENTO



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THE WIND-BLOWN LANGUAGE: PAPIAMENTO

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Den mar Caribe
Di brisa fuerte
Tin un isleta
Cu yam' Aruba—

"In the Caribbean Sea,
Wind-swept,
Is a tiny isle
Called Aruba—"

SO BEGINS the Papiamento song *Aruba Dushi*, which chants the charms of "Sweet Aruba," one of the three little Caribbean islands just north of Venezuela forming the Territory of Curaçao: Aruba, Bonaire, and Curaçao. *Di brisa fuerte* affirms that they are right in the path of the trade winds. The trades blow here all year round with a mean velocity of about 15 m.p.h., and always from the same direction—northeast. Indigenous to these islands is the *divi-divi* tree (*Caesalpinia coriaria*), a short tree with small green leaves that in other, less breezy stations of its habitat must take on the normally haphazard appearance forced on trees by heliotropism. But in these islands, the constant push of the trade winds has blown all the little *divi-divis* into the same tortured pattern: they look like women, bent over from the waist, with their long hair horizontal in the wind. The steady, relentless trades, by their untiring, century-old strain, have standardized, swept clean of all wayward branches, made almost identical one with another, these *divi-divis* that otherwise would have been as individual, as non-conforming as, well let us say—one Spanish irregular verb and another.

On July 26, 1499, the Spanish navigator, Alonso Ojeda, accompanied by Amerigo Vespucci, entered the bottle-neck harbor of Curaçao. In 1502 Ojeda came back to the island as Governor, and so began the history of Papiamento: a language molded, beaten, whipped, hammered, *blown* into simple, ultra-modern form by no less than forty-five nationalities during the course of four centuries. As the persistent northeast trades have blown all the wayward branches of the *divi-divis* into a regular, southwesterly direction, so have the no less persistent efforts of the forty-five nationalities toward a *lingua franca*, a common meeting ground of communication, blown Carib and Arawak Indian, African Negro, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and French into the unbelievably regular Papiamento. A

language without the benefit, or drag, of textbooks. No stuffy arguments by fussy grammarians. The stilted, binding influence of no archaic literature. Forty-five nationalities laughed, cried, talked, joked, fought, haggled, loved, hated, *lived* with each other for four hundred years. The result: Papiamento.

Constructions too complex for a Portuguese Jew to use with a Carib Indian—out. Pronunciations too awkward for a Spaniard to use with a Negro African slave—out. Words too formal for a Brazilian swain to use with his Chinese girl—out. Spellings too difficult for the Dutch governor to use in his tax-law declarations for the children of a Hindu mother and a French father—out. Into the molten language went the latest slang from the rebel English Colonies; the saltiest words in the pirate vocabulary of the Spanish Main; the most picturesque intonations from slaves newly arrived from the African jungles.

Seldom written, never taught in schools, but handed down from mouth to mouth through the generations, what has lasted is the wheat without the useless chaff. Papiamento (the word itself means "speaking") is pithy, concise, quintessential, utilitarian, unencumbered with trifling adornments; in a word: streamlined.

The strategic position of Curaçao in the Caribbean, its excellent harbor, and the salt-licks of adjacent Bonaire have made its two hundred and ten sea-fringed square miles a tempting bait attracting the colonial forces of Spain, France, England, Holland, and free-lance revolutionists ever since the fifteen-hundreds. Its extensive sea trade lured three-masted birds of prey flying the Jolly Roger; little Aruba still whispers of pirate caves and of sunken treasure in the waters of Balashi.

The hundred and thirty-two years of Spanish rule between 1502 and 1634 gave Papiamento its Castilian base, which accounts for about sixty per cent of the language; but it got a powerful impetus with the arrival of Samuel Coheño in 1634. In that year the Spaniards retired from the Territory in favor of the Dutch. Coheño, originally a Portuguese Jew, came from Holland to serve as interpreter between the Dutch, Spaniards, and native Indians. The fact that in 1634 he was named "Captain of the Indians" indicates that he must have had immediate success in bringing these diverse peoples together with some sort of language *mélange*.

Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of Curaçao in 1643, made the island the flourishing center of the African slave trade. Through the intercession of commercial houses in Madrid, slaves were imported from the Gold Coast, the Congo, Loango, and Angola. To Stuyvesant goes the malodorous credit of having started Curaçao on its two-hundred-year career of being the principal purveyor of slaves for the Spanish colonies. Peter Stuyvesant left behind in Curaçao his right leg and a pungent jungle flavor in Papi-

mento. The West India Company licensed the influx into Curaçao of groups, mostly Portuguese, fleeing from racial and religious persecution. Attempted invasions by the French, and the English rule from 1804 to 1816, provided more piquant seasoning for the simmering language.

From down deep in the holds of the slave ships bringing their cargoes of misery from the Congo to the Curazoleño market, comes one of the Papiamento nouns: *macamba*. It has been reported as derived from an African dialect where it meant "white man." Behind the word *macamba* lurk the filthy, 125-foot sailing ships carrying hundreds of black, tortured souls; the dysentery, the scurvy, the fever, the pleurisy that almost halved the human cargoes before the boats sailed into St. Annabaai. Survivors of these foul voyages were, upon landing, further subjected to hot-iron branding on their chests or arms. The inhuman treatment the poor blacks suffered is still part of the sad connotation of *macamba*. It is now simply the Papiamento term for Dutchman, but something distasteful lingers with the pronouncing of the word.

Papiamento verbs are a delight to the grammar-weary. Tradesmen and pirates, slave-traders and sailors have business to transact and, generally speaking, care precious little whether the *e* changes to *i* or the third-person-singular takes an *s* so long as the other fellow knows what you are talking about. Papiamento has the present, imperfect, future, and perfect tenses; the active and passive voices; the indicative, potential, and subjunctive modes. *All regular!* What makes conjugation in Papiamento as rippling as a mountain stream is that three of the four tenses are patterned on the verb *ta*, "to be." Learn *ta*, and you have three-quarters of the inflected forms of all the other verbs (see accompanying chart).

Words in Papiamento derived from Spanish are stripped of their embellishments and reduced to stark utility. For example, the Spanish verb *caber*, a nightmare disturbing the repose of Spanish students, is *caba* in Papiamento and goes through its tenses as just *caba*, blissfully unaware of all the tortuous inflections of its *castellano* cognate. *Significar* and *oscuro* are denuded to *nifica* and *scur*.

Rules are unnecessary when all nouns form their plurals in exactly the same way. Add the third-person-plural pronoun, *nan*, to a noun, any noun, all nouns! and you get the plural. In the last few years Papiamento has acquired such staunch North American substantives as *bus* and *truck*. In Aruba, Bonaire, and Curaçao they speak of two *busnan*, and more than one truck is referred to as *trucknan*.

In a similar fashion, words and phrases from other languages have been assimilated, down through the decades, into Papiamento. It is rather curious that names of practically all instruments and working tools—*hermentnan*—are of Dutch origin, while expressions applying to social life,

MODEL PAPIAMENTO CONJUGATIONS

THE VERB TA (BE)

THE VERB STIMA (LOVE)

INDICATIVE MODE

Present Tense

			Active	Passive		
Mi Bo E	ta	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ ta stima { Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ ta worde stima { Nos Boso Nan
Imperfect Tense						
Mi Bo E	tabata	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ tabata stima { Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ tabata worde stima { Nos Boso Nan
Future Tense						
Mi Bo E	lo ta	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ lo stima { Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ lo worde stima { Nos Boso Nan
Perfect Tense						
The verb <i>ta</i> lacks this tense.			Mi Bo E	{ a stima { Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ a worde stima { Nos Boso Nan
POTENTIAL MODE						
Present Tense						
Mi Bo E	por ta	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ por stima { Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ por worde stima { Nos Boso Nan
Future Tense						
Mi Bo E	lo por ta	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ lo por stima { Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ lo por worde stima { Nos Boso Nan
Past-Time						
Mi Bo E	por tabata	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ por a stima { Nos Boso Nan	Mi Bo E	{ por a worde stima { Nos Boso Nan

religion, and etiquette have a Latin background and character: *saag* (saw), *scruf* (screw), *trekter* (funnel), *potlood* (pencil), *lessenaar* (desk), *verf* (paint), *sker* (scissors), *bril* (spectacles). But a typical advertisement in

SUBJUNCTIVE MODE

The Subjunctive Mode, for the most part, duplicates the Indicative except in the past-time tenses, which are blended as in the Potential Mode:

		Past-Time						
		Active			Passive			
Mi } Bo } E }	lo tabata	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi } Bo } E }	lo a stima	{ Nos Boso Nan	Mi } Bo } E }	lo a worde stima	{ Nos Boso Nan
Imperative: Sea		Imperative: Stima						
Ta has no participles.		Participles: Present: stimando Past: stima						

Any other verb stem (e.g., *admira* admire or be surprised at, *combisi* agree, *cushisa* cook, *parti* divide, *guia* guide, *hori* laugh, *sinja* learn or teach, *salba* save) can be put through the above inflections with hardly an exception.

the weekly newspaper, *La Crus*, would read: *Pa medio di es lineanan aki nos hier expresa nos sincera gratitud na tur amigo-i conocirnan ku di un of otro manera a muntra nos nan atencion na ocasion di morto di nos inolvidable casa, tata, ruman i omigo, Adolfo Tromp (Q.E.P.D.) Na number di e famia: B. V. Tromp.*

"By means of these lines, we want to express our sincere gratitude to all friends and acquaintances who, in one way or another, showed us their attention on the occasion of the death of our unforgettable husband, father, brother, and friend, Adolfo Tromp (may he rest in peace). In the name of the family: B. V. Tromp."

That announcement is not Papiamento. It is a stilted form affected for public notices, invitations, and the like. It demonstrates clearly that, while the Dutch derivations are for the homely, everyday matters, a sprinkling of Spanish lends elegance and finesse.

Genders go by the board in Papiamento. The definite article is *e*; the indefinite article is *un*; both may precede any noun. *E homber, e muher, e potlood*. The man, the woman, the pencil. *Un muchahomber, un muchamuher, un school*. A boy, a girl, a school.

In Spanish 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 are *dies, once, doce, trece, catorce, quince*; 16, 17, 18, 19 are *diecisis, diecisiets, dieciocho, diecinueve*. Papiamento has recognized this inconsistency by counting *dies, diesun, diessedos, diestres, diescuatro, diescinco*, and then on into *diesseis*, etc.

Syntax is refreshingly simple. Subject, predicate—in that order—and that's all. Interrogatory sentence: use a question-mark and raise the pitch in your voice. *E tin idea di bai Korsou*. "He is thinking of going to

Curaçao." *E tin idea di bai Korsou?* "Is he thinking of going to Curaçao?"

The polite form of European tongues has its simplified counterpart in Papiamento. The name of the person addressed is used rather than the personal pronoun. *Bo ta gusta mi sombré?* "Do you like my hat?" is the intimate form. *Sr. Croes ta gusta mi sombré?* "Do you like my hat, Mr. Croes?" is the polite form.

Papiamento pronunciation has been worn down to a mirror smoothness. The Spanish *mujer* is *muher* in Papiamento. The aspirated *h* gives you almost the same effect as *j*, but with much less effort. The *ll* (*elle*) of Castilian is eroded down to *y*. Spanish *v*'s are *b*'s. The word *llave* (*key*) in Papiamento is *yabi*. Try pronouncing the two and see if *yabi* isn't *llave* after a greasing job.

The idiom is kept up-to-date. A droll wise-crack, a delicious *bon mot*—if it introduces a snappy new word or the new use of an old word—soon becomes a permanent fixture. About ten years ago, an Aruban with a gouty foot entered the dispensary of the newly-established oil company on that island. "Better stay away from cheap rum," joked the doctor. The story spread, and ever since the Papiamento word for cheap rum has been *hinchapia*, "swollen foot." *E ta toca piano bon* ("He plays the piano well") is standard for a nimble-fingered kleptomaniac. The stale maxim, *Anochi tur pushi ta pretu* ("At night all cats are black"), met the tempo of the times by being altered to *Den e blackout tur pushi ta pretu*.

Surely, no poetry in any language was ever more fervidly instant than this song that rose from the exultant throats of 7,989 slaves of the Territory of Curaçao, emancipated July 1, 1863:

*Rumannan! Gradici cu nos
Pa Cielo su bondad.
Bam canta atwor cu tur nos bos
Biba La Libertad!
Awe pa boluntad di Rei
I bos di nos nacion,
Igual nos ta dilanti lei
I liber di tur shon.*

"Brothers! Give thanks with us
For Heaven's grace.
Come and sing now with might and main
Long live Liberty!
Today, by the will of the King
And decree of our country
We are equal before the law
And freed of all masters."

There is no wealth of literature in Papiamento. It is not possible to quote long passages, the immortal heritage of a national genius. But a

storehouse of philosophy and human understanding has been compressed into their proverbs. A few words take the place of libraries. Thought, human perception, compensation for great books are in the Papiamento *proverbionan*. Volumes are contained in simple sentences bandied across the family dinner-table, in the reprimands given by mothers to their wayward young 'uns.

Mrs. Croes, for instance, chatting with Mrs. Oduber over the cactus fence separating their respective back yards, might demonstrate an undue interest in the private affairs of Mrs. Oduber's household. Mrs. Oduber, who is an isolationist and "likes for people to mind strictly to their own business," might say, *Panja sushi mester ta laba na cas*. "Dirty clothes must be washed at home." That expression would not have been coined by Mrs. Oduber. It is generations old and is succinct for reminding people that a family skeleton must be kept in its closet.

Children sometimes are a nuisance, but what are you to do? *No tin wea pa stoba yiu malucu*. "There isn't a pot to stew bad children in." Children can't be cooked, used in any way: you've just got to suffer them. Speaking of family woes, *Pieww di bo mes cabez ta pica mas duro*. "Lice on your own head bite harder." When trouble hits one's own flesh-and-blood, one feels it more keenly than when it strikes next door.

Can't you see a shy Aruban boy of eighteen who has been casting bashful glances at pretty little Maximina Dirksz—can't you hear his father telling him, *Amor scondi ta tempo perdi*. "Undeclared love is time lost." Puppy love: *Amor di mucha ta awa den macutu*. "Teen-age love is water in an open-work basket." Cooperation: *Un man ta laba otro; tur dos ta bira limpi*. "One hand washes the other; both get clean." Tiring exhibitionists who love to bewail and bemoan their sad histories in public are told, *Larga morto na santana, bin yora na cas*. "Leave the corpse at the cemetery; go home to cry."

The age-old truths brought home by our English adages acquire new facets when ground by Papiamento cutters. "A new broom sweeps clean" gets its direct antithesis with *Un basora bieww conoce tur huki den cas*. "An old broom knows all the corners in the house." "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" surely can't have an opposing voice. But to a people for whom fresh water is a luxury (it is sold at so-much a can), it must certainly be a comfort at times to repeat, *Curpa sushi no ta mata*. "A dirty body doesn't kill." "Chickens come home to roost" has its Caribbean version, *Giambo bieww a bolbe na wea*. "Old okra comes back to the pot." Like father, like son": *Pampuna no sa pari calbas*. "The pumpkin plant doesn't bear calabashes." Wells in these islands are generally level with the surface of the ground with no superstructure. *Ora bise a hoga, nan ta dempel e pos*. "After the calf is drowned, they cover the well."—"After the horse is

stolen, the stable door is locked." Many an American child has answered his disciplining parent's classical "This hurts me more than it does you," with an unspoken "Oh yeah?" Papiamento gets down to undisguised brass tacks with, *Mehor un yiu yora cu su mama yora*. "Better the child cry than his mother."

This next proverb brings to mind the newspaper story of the Nazi puppet who had been conducting a fierce anti-Semitic campaign in a Balkan country. Somehow or other it finally came to light that this official himself had had a Hebraic^{ca} grandmother. He retired ignominiously from public life. *No scupi na cielo, pa e no cai den bo mes cara*. "Don't spit upwards, for it will fall back in your own face."*

Lizards are a problem in the Territory. They eat produce as fast as it grows. Fences between fields offer an excellent means of transportation for the pests. *Si bo no kier tin gera cu lagadishi, no planta boonchi cerca e frankera*. "If you don't want war with the lizards, don't plant beans near the fence." Be a bit circumspect if you're not after trouble. "Don't lead with your chin!" The monkey is a favorite foil of Papiamento proverbs. Actually, monkeys are not found locally, but somehow *macacu* is an epithet that appeals when describing a fool. At the child who has broken a newly-received toy by excessive handling, the Papiamento parent shakes a reprimanding finger: *Macacu ta hunga cu wowo di su yiu te ora e sacete*. "A monkey plays with its baby's eye until the eye falls out." That experience is the best teacher, even for the simpleton, is exemplified by *Un macacu ta subi palu di sumpinja un biahe so*. "A monkey climbs a cactus tree only once."

Its dry, unbountiful climate makes the Territory of Curaçao barren and unfruitful. Instead of the lush growth expected of the tropics, in "good" years (average yearly rainfall: 16:29 inches) there are a few beans, skimpy maize, tiny watermelons, and an occasional cashew fruit. In bad years (not infrequently, the annual rainfall is but eight to twelve inches) there are the cacti and the sea-grapes. Keeping body and soul together on maize boiled in brackish well-water (*funchi*) has made the inhabitants philosophical in the face of arid adversity. *Si e no yobe, lo pinga*. "If it doesn't rain, it will at least drizzle."—"It's a long lane that has no turning."

There are scores of other Papiamento proverbs illustrating the patience inculcated by the geographical Mother Hubbard whose cupboard is only too often bare: *Ora no tin pan, mester come casaba*. "When there isn't bread, one must eat cassava." The rigors of wrathful waters have elicited a similar sentiment from seafaring English peoples, "Any old port in a

* This is of course a translation of a Spanish proverb—used in *Don Quijote*—and others common in Papiamento doubtless have a Spanish source. ERROR.

storm." Observing a fowl enjoying a dust-bath has helped many a necessarily ascetic citizen of the Territory put up with his own meagre lot. *Gallinja ta banja cu e awa cu e tin.* "A chicken bathes with the sort of water she has at hand."

To the wastrel who forgets that Nature is inexorable, that seeds not planted when a few drops of rain fall can rarely be sown later, that only poor substitutes can be found for bounties once let slip, the wrinkled old Aruban lady with the black shawl over her head would say, *Esun cu ta perde sonjo na cabez, ta busk'e na pia.* "He who loses sleep in his head must seek it in his feet." A foot asleep is a sad compensation for a night's rest, she means. The man who squanders a substantial legacy may later have to seek a hand-to-mouth existence selling lottery tickets in the street.

The weary mother says to the child fretting under the monotonous diet of fish, salt meat, and boiled maize, *Cacho nenga wesu, ta wesu mes e mester come.* "A dog turns down a bone; it's that very bone he must eat." The exigencies of life make it unwise to turn up one's nose at any bit of sustenance; stern necessity will make it mighty welcome later on. Enforced submission to the hardships inflicted by dour environment and circumstances has been epitomized with, *Ora bo ta bao e palu, mester wanta cu sushi di para.* "When you're under a tree, you must put up with bird-droppings."

The Territory's scanty flora and fauna have made local people unmercifully dependent on the outside world. Wars, piracy, and sea blockades have continually shut off supplies, forcing them back on their own poor, inadequate resources. The privations necessarily brought on by warfare to any people have, therefore, been felt more keenly by them, isolated as they are. When submarines in the Second World War cut off the accustomed provisions from the States and Europe, Curazoleños shrugged their shoulders, did without, and said what many generations of their ancestors have said over and over again in the course of Curaçao's turbulent past—in 1804, for instance, during the siege of the island by the English Commander Bligh—or in 1713, for another instance, during the invasion of the French under de Cassart—*Tempo di gera no tin misa.* "In time of war, there isn't any religion." In wartime, luxuries are not to be had.

Volapük, Esperanto, Ido and at least eight other artificial tongues have been fostered as international languages for their (1) easy phonetics, (2) simple grammar, (3) facility of translation and interpretation, and (4) Occidental vocabulary base. Papiamento has all four attributes, and what is more it has what no manufactured language can ever boast: a spontaneous, up-from-the-people naturalness. Like the trade winds on the *divi-divis*, the succeeding, heterogeneous generations have gradually worn away all egregious, unnatural Papiamentoisms. All the capricious, forward

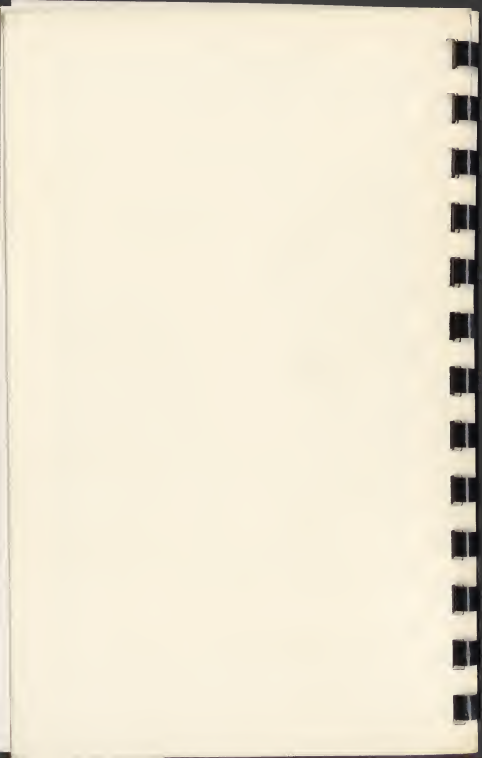
little language upshoots that couldn't stand the year-by-year, hammering blast of pirates, slaves, *Conquistadores*, Indians, and traveling salesmen were soon blown off the parent tree. Trying to be affected in Papiamento is like walking down the Bowery in a morning coat and top hat—in either case, you won't get very far.

That Papiamento has in it truly cosmopolitan elements may be demonstrated by this incident. Several years ago, the writer, who knew neither Spanish nor Portuguese, boarded the night train at São Paulo, Brazil, bound for Rio de Janeiro. The intimacy of a tiny compartment shared with a non-English-speaking Brazilian is still painful. From 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. the conversationless silence was haunting. Wakened from a cat-nap at dawn by the sudden lurching of the train, I inadvertently asked, in Papiamento, of my fellow-traveler, "*Nos a yega!*" In purest Papiamento he responded, "*Ainda no!*" That it was Portuguese, too, didn't faze me. We had material with which to break that nine-hour silence! We chatted through breakfast in the dining car, and he saw me to my destination in Rio. Still recalling his beaming, moustached face bidding me "*Te otro bes!*" from the rear window of a taxi starting down the Avenida President Wilson, the next year I boldly used Papiamento for Spanish in lofty Bogotá, Colombia. *Diestres for trece* was humiliating but understandable.

For three hundred years Dutch has been the official language in the Territory of Curaçao. Dutch is used in the schools, right from the first grades. In an Aruban schoolroom, for example, may be found Aruban, Hindu, English Negro, Chinese, and Venezuelan children. In school they speak and write a fair Dutch; but once beyond the precincts of learning, they chatter and play in an effervescent Papiamento. Government clerks may use Dutch all day long while at the office, but at home with their families their medium is Papiamento. Even after three centuries of official Dutch, the local missionaries—whose churches are, in part, Government-supported—must preach in Papiamento. Plain, artless, pointblank Papiamento keeps resisting all onslaughts of the festooned, guileful, and turgid European tongues.

There is an expression to indicate contempt for anything showy that contains, in proportion to its glittering promise, a disappointing amount of tangible substance: *Hopi scuma, poco chocolati*. "A lot of foam, but little chocolate."







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